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KIRKE WEBBE, THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER I.

I AM about to transcribe an episode in my youthful experience, which, though comparatively brief, if measured by time only, has so impressed and shaped my life—now past its sixth decade—that it stands out in the light of memory as a towering mind-mark, to which all subsequent events appear subordinate, and to chiefly owe their form and colour, their shadows and their sunshine.

In that episode, Kirke Webbe, captain of the *Scout* privateer, was a prominent actor, and his character and history, as developed by the scenes in which I happened to be associated with him, possess, I think, an interest and value—especially now, when the 'species' to which he belonged may be said to be extinct—apart from his influence upon my own individual fortunes. If, however, the ordinary sketches of his class which one meets with are to be deemed authentic portraiture, Captain Webbe, who was neither a vulgar ruffian nor a melodramatic hero, cannot be presented to the reader as an average specimen of the privateer. He boasted of having been a scholar of Christ's Hospital; was certainly well read in English literature; and his seamanship he acquired by six years' service in the royal navy as midshipman. Further than this, those of his deeds to which I am about in these pages to bear witness must speak for him; though, if proof of their verity be required, I can only refer to the internal evidence supplied by the narrative itself: if that suffice not, I have no other to offer, as I do not choose to publish my own real name.

All that I positively knew of myself, of my antecedents and belongings up to the second week in February 1814, may be shortly set forth. My name, we will say, was William Linwood. I was unquestionably a strapping fellow of my age—then a trifle over twenty years; and not absolutely frightful in features, or it could scarcely be an article of faith with me that Isle of Wight lasses, especially in and near Ryde, were, and doubtless still are, unless the presence of all-shadowing royalty has frozen the genial current of their souls, some of the sweetest-tempered damsels in creation. For the last ten or eleven of those twenty years, I had been domiciled at Oak Villa, near Ryde, on the road to Newport, with my grandmother, Mrs Margaret Linwood, one of the oddest, worthiest, and most absolute of womankind. My earlier years had also been chiefly passed with Mrs Linwood, though

not in the Isle of Wight, whither she removed some twelve months previously to the departure of my father and mother for the United States of America, in 1804, a destination they never reached; the vessel in which they sailed having been captured in the Channel by a French letter of marque, and carried into the port of Havre de Grace, in or near which commercial capital of maritime Normandy my parents had since been detained as prisoners of war, on parole.

This was pretty nearly all of our family history, that my inexorable grandams had decided, in her peremptory have-done-talking-of-it sort of way, should be confided to me till I attained my legal majority; or the advent of peace permitted my parents to continue their voyage to America, and me to join them there—a return to England not being, it would seem, contemplated as a possible eventuality.

Meagre as was this information upon matters of such paramount interest for a son, I should have been happier, less irritable, captious, when the subject was incidentally alluded to, had not certain fragmentary images or impressions looming through the mists of memory, suggested an affrighting solution; the more affrighting because vague, dark, undefined—of the mystery before which the kindest hands in the world had drawn, and persisted in keeping drawn, an impervious veil.

I remembered that, in the far-off time, I had been the petted favourite of a tall, portly gentleman, living in a fine house; that I had frequently ridden with him in a glittering carriage, drawn by prancing horses, and usually accompanied by my mother, whose pale, pensive face, and soft, low, tearful voice, seemed ever as vividly present to me as on the night I was awakened to receive her farewell blessing previous to her departure with my father for America. The tall portly gentleman was, I knew, my mother's father, and for a time we were his only companions; but after a while, another lady and another child dwelt in the fine house, and rode in the glittering carriage with us; and I was finally carried off by Dame Linwood to her comparatively humble abode in South Wales, and never, that I could remember, had I seen the tall, portly gentleman again.

My mother came frequently to Llanberis, sometimes, not often, accompanied by her husband, whose image dwelt faintly in my memory. On one occasion, and the last time I saw him, he came alone. Evening was falling when he arrived, and I, then about six years old, was hurried to bed, but not so hastily as to prevent me noticing that he was strangely flurried, and that a few whispered words communicated his agitation to my grandmamma. His face, too, was

deathly pale, and, as I felt when he kissed me, cold as stone, like his hands.

Nancy Dow, my grandmother's confidential servant, looked as scared as they; and as she undressed, put me to bed, and kept guard over me, poured forth a torrent of talk, to drown, if possible, the sounds of weeping and lamentation, fitfully surging up from below.

She succeeded to a certain extent for a while; but ere yet—spite of her repeated entreaties that I would, like the good boy that I was, go to sleep—the slightest feeling of drowsiness had come over me, a loud, fierce knocking at the front door startled her into silence, as it did my relatives below, for the house was hush as death when the knocking ceased for a few moments, to be again and again renewed with increasing violence. Rude voices, too, made themselves heard from without, imperiously demanding admittance; and presently there was a crash of glass, as if the window had been broken through, followed by an explosion of discordant cries and exclamations. Nancy Dow flew down stairs, and I, not daring to get up, lay sobbing with terror, till the gradual subsidence of the incomprehensible tumult permitted slumber to weigh down my aching eyelids, and I sank into the dreamless sleep of childhood.

I was early awakened by poor Nancy, who had evidently not taken her clothes off, and whose very decided features were swollen by weeping into exaggerated unloveliness. She told me that my father and grandmamma were gone to London, and would not, perhaps, return for some little time; and I was emphatically cautioned not to speak of what had occurred the previous evening to the outdoor servants and helpers, when they came to their work—Mrs Linwood managed, and successfully, a very large dairy-farm of her own—nor express surprise at my relative's absence.

The memories of children, however precocious, and mine was remarkably so, rarely take note of periods of time; and I could not say how long—reckoned by days and weeks—Mrs Linwood, as I call her from habit—she having always greatly disliked to be 'grandmothered'—remained absent; but measured by my pining inquietude, a long, long interval of dreary time elapsed before she returned. And then how changed, even to my childish appreciation! It seemed that a sudden, untimely frost had frozen over the genial current of her nature. True, it still flowed with as kindly and generous a warmth as ever beneath the cold, stern surface; but she had, as it were, placed a barrier of ice between herself and a world in which she had no longer faith or hope.

What could have been the nature of the calamity that had so suddenly darkened good Mrs Linwood's clear noon of life?—for though a grandmother, she was considerably on the sunny side of fifty—was the question which, as the years grew on, and threw the light of their experience back on the scene enacted at Llanberis Farm on the evening of my father's last visit, incessantly pursued and harassed me.

I could not doubt that he had upon that occasion been subjected to legal arrest—for debt, mayhap! Strive as I might, it was impossible to hold to that precious suggestion. Many circumstances concurred to convince me that pecuniary difficulties had not been felt in our family. My father, who had never been in business, was neither a gambler nor a spendthrift. Mr Waller, the portly gentleman of my childhood, was very wealthy; and Mrs Linwood herself had, I knew,

for many years invested upon an average L.800 annually: she would have grudging nothing to her only son. No; they were not the agents of a grasping creditor, that had broken into our peaceful Welsh home in unscrupulous pursuit of their quarry!

He must, then, have been seized by officers of criminal justice. Yet had Mrs Linwood, when vehemently pressed by me to give some slight explanation of the occurrences of that memorable evening, declared that my father had never been arraigned for any offence whatever; and she was incapable of falsehood. Never arraigned for any offence! Those were her guarded words. The offence had perhaps been compromised—hushed up. Not a very serious one, then, or such a course would have been impossible.

No serious offence! A rotten cable that to hold by. Dame Linwood's inexorable silence—the expatriation of both my parents—the careful avoidance of any allusion to Mr Waller and his second wife, extinguished that hope as soon as it was formed.

An incident which occurred about six months previous to the before-mentioned second week in February 1814, threw a ghastly light over the mystery.

It was my father's birthday, and I was sitting with Mrs Margaret Linwood in the miniature drawing-room of Oak Villa, of which the French windows opened upon our finely cultivated pleasure-garden, and beyond commanded a splendid view of the silvery Solent. It was a cloudless autumnal evening; and the faint sea-breeze, which barely sufficed to dilate the white sails of the numerous sailing-craft afloat upon the glancing waters, was subdued by the time it reached us, laden with the rich perfume of flowers, to a fragrant caressing sigh, in unison with the serene—and to us, absorbed by the painful thoughts suggested by that particular day of the year—solemn silence that reigned around. My venerable relative, to whom those anniversaries were bitterly afflictive, seeming to tear open afresh the hidden wound that was slowly, but surely eating her life away, was more than usually sad and thoughtful, and for the last half-hour or so, not a word had passed between us.

She was sitting with her back towards me, according to her wont, when unwilling that I should observe the emotions that swept over the tablet of her face, which was, however, clearly revealed to me in a tall mirror opposite; and swift tears, I saw, were trickling through her thin white fingers.

Gently I ventured to approach the subject ever, of late, uppermost in my thoughts.

'My grandfather, Waller, still resides, I presume, at the house in Cavendish Square?' said I, my gaze the while intently fixed upon the mirror. There was a slight start, and the partially concealing hand was half withdrawn from the face. The emotion was but momentary.

'Your grandfather, Waller, still resides at the house in Cavendish Square,' was the quiet reply.

'With his second wife, Mrs Waller, of course?'

'With Mrs Waller, his second wife, of course. Captain Webbe met them, not long ago, in one of the parks.'

'Strange, was it not, that, having a grown-up daughter of his own, Mr Waller should have married again?'

'Not strange at all. He was not more than five or six and forty years of age; and Mrs Hamblin was a widow, not far off, I should think, of thirty, though Time had dealt so gently with her, that she looked nothing like so old. A singularly beautiful woman,' added Mrs Linwood with a sigh, 'and beautiful in mind as person. The marriage was in all respects an unexceptionable one.'

'You once shewed me her portrait: the expression, it struck me, was a peculiar one—sweet, but very sad. That, however, might be only fancy.'

'True—a boy's fancy.'

'And the beautiful child, I so well remember, what— Good Heaven, what have I said—done?'

Lightning seemed with my words to have smitten my venerable relative. A sharp cry of anguish escaped her, and her face, no longer masked by her hands, which tightly grasped her bosom, was convulsed with horror.

I leaped to my feet in terrible dismay; but before, in my confusion and affright, I could think of what should be done, or summon others to do it, strong-willed Mrs Linwood had, by a supreme effort, mastered her betraying outward self.

'Sit down!' she exclaimed with peremptory sternness. 'It was a passing spasm—nothing more. I must consult Mr Beale, for these attacks grow in frequency and violence of late. You may fetch me a glass of wine from the dining-room.'

'You were speaking, William,' said Mrs Linwood, as she replaced the emptied glass upon the table, and with her face still carefully averted from me—you were speaking, William, of—of Lucy Hamblin—Mrs Waller's beautiful little girl. She died young—early in her fourth year.'

'Ha!'

'Yes: the sweet child was—was drowned in the Thames, near Gravesend.'

'Drowned! By accident?'

'There are various opinions; I have mine—a decided one, but, unsupported by legal evidence, worthless of course. And now, my dear boy, go and send Nancy to me: I do not feel quite well.'

This, as I believed, partial unveiling of the terrible secret, rendered further suspense insupportable. My life was embittered, poisoned by it; and I passionately entreated to know the worst. Mrs Linwood was deaf as iron, unyielding as adamant to my supplications; and I was still, at the beginning of 1814, moodily meditating the probable motives for her obduracy—chewing, as usual, the cud of dark and bitter fancies—when my listless glance was arrested by an advertisement in the *Hampshire Telegraph* newspaper, stating that Mr Harrison of Portsmouth, the printer of that journal, had a complete file of the *London Times* from 1798 to 1802, to dispose of. Might I not, it instantly flashed across my mind—might I not find in the columns of that paper all that I longed to discover? I knew in what year, and at about what period in that year, my father's arrest had taken place. How was it that so obvious an expedient for ending the doubts and fears by which I was beset had not occurred to me before? At all events, it should not be neglected now; and an hour had not passed when I took boat at the old Ryde pier for Portsmouth.

The bargain with Mr Harrison was readily struck; and the coarsely bound broadsheets having been conveyed to the Blue Posts Inn, I was speedily glancing through the leaves with feverish impatience. The file was, I found, far from perfect; many numbers were missing of the most promising dates; and I was half inclined—partly from despair, partly from dread of finding what I sought—to give up the search, when my eye lit upon the following paragraph:

'THE GRAVESEND TRAGEDY.—Mr William Linwood, who has been so long in custody, charged with the murder, by drowning, of the child Lucy Hamblin, was yesterday set at liberty, with the consent of the law-officers of the crown, who have most reluctantly arrived at the conclusion, that in the absence of Mademoiselle Féron, who can nowhere be found or heard of, there is no legal evidence to warrant his detention. No moral doubt appears to be entertained by those who have investigated the circumstances, of Linwood's guilt; yet it is right to add, that the accused himself asserts his perfect innocence with an earnestness which, combined with his previous excellent character, might weigh considerably in his favour, but for

the facts disclosed by Louise Féron during the tumult and agitation consequent upon the discovery of the dreadful crime—facts not the less morally conclusive that they were not declared, and have not since been confirmed upon oath. Mrs Waller, the bereaved mother, is, we are rejoiced to hear, recovering from the effects of the attack of brain fever, which it was at one time feared would have resulted in confirmed insanity.'

A vertigo seized me as I read; the dreadful lines swam, flashed as if written with fire, before my shrinking, blinded eyes. I had barely strength to close the terrible volume, stagger towards and ring the bell, and then dizzy, sick—sick, as if unto death, I fell senseless on the floor.

Upon recovering consciousness, I found myself lying upon a couch near an open window, and sedulously ministered to by the landlady of the Blue Posts and one of her sympathising handmaidens. The vertigo and sickness had passed away, and, thanking them for their kindness, I asked to be left to myself—a request which, after I had given proof of the repossession of my faculties by swallowing the greatest part of a glass of spirits and water, was complied with.

Well, I had thoroughly succeeded in plucking out the heart of the mystery! I knew now, as well as Dame Linwood herself, that my father was adjudged by public opinion to be a cruel murderer! Accursed knowledge! compared with which the carking anxiety I had previously suffered was happiness—felicity! By public opinion so condemned! True; but assuredly, also—and the blessed thought flashed like sunlight upon my troubled soul—assuredly justly judging, clear-headed Mrs Linwood did not believe him guilty! O no!—a thousand times no! And my own mother, the pure light of whose mild eyes sank so deep into my child's heart, that it still glowed there in undimmed, perennial brightness—she—I eagerly recalling to mind passages of her letters that I had been permitted to read—she, I knew, felt for her husband not love, compassion only, but respect, esteem, reverence.

Of what weight was rashly formed public opinion opposed to such testimonies? Not the slightest—of not a feather's weight; and, passing with boyish impetuosity from despair to exultation, I laughed, shouted, wept with the inexpressible joy springing from a devout, unshakable conviction of my persecuted, maligned father's innocence!

Innocence which it would be my duty, my high privilege to vindicate in the face of day before a misjudging world. I would hunt up the woman Féron—trace the atrocious calumny to its vile source! Success I could not doubt of, for I had faith in God and my own courage. But enough of these ebullitions of an undisciplined, puerile enthusiasm—an enthusiasm with which I was shocked to find Dame Linwood could not be persuaded to in the slightest degree participate. The discovery I had made through the newspaper pained, annoyed her, and she would add nothing to the information which I had, according to her, surreptitiously obtained. She knew nothing, could guess nothing of the whereabouts of the Frenchwoman Louise Féron; and any stir in the unhappy business by a rash, inexperienced boy could, she was quite satisfied, lead to no useful result. Her son's vindication would, she nothing doubted, be brought about in God's own good time; and for that time she, I, all of us must humbly wait.

The worthy dame's obstinate fatalism, as I deemed it, made me terribly wroth; but all the indignation and eloquence in the world would have been utterly thrown away upon her, but for an occurrence which startled her into a belief that the good time she prayed and waited for might be near at hand. That occurrence, launching me into a sea of perils, the shadows whereof, ever so faintly cast before, would, for all my

vapouring self-conceit, have given me serious pause, fell out thus oddly: it is not often that Fate knocks at one's door with so seemingly ludicrous a summons.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

FEMALE SERVANTS.

THOUGH female servants come under the category of handicraftswomen, yet they form a distinct class, very important in itself, and essential to the welfare of the community.

A faithful servant—next best blessing, and next rarest, after a faithful friend!—who among us has not had, or wanted, such a one? Some inestimable follower of the family, who has known all the family changes, sorrows, and joys, is always at hand to look after the petty necessities and indescribably small nothings which, in the aggregate, make up the sum of one's daily comfort; whom one can trust in sight and out of sight—call upon for help in season and out of season; rely on in absence, or sickness, or trouble, to 'keep the house going,' safe and right; and at all times, and under all circumstances, depend upon for that conscientious fidelity of service which money can never purchase, nor repay.

And this, what domestic servants ought to be, might be, they are—alas, how seldom!

Looking round on the various households we know, I fear we shall find that this relation of master (or mistress) and servant—a relation so necessary, as to have been instituted from the foundation of the world, and since so hallowed by both biblical and secular chronicles, as to be, next to ties of blood and friendship, the most sacred bond that can exist between man and man—is, on the whole, the worst fulfilled of any under the sun.

Whose fault is this?—the superior's, who, in the march of intellect and education around him, losing somewhat the distinction of mere rank, yet tries to enforce it by instituting external distinctions impossible to be maintained between himself and his dependents?—or the inferior's, who, sufficiently advanced to detect the weaknesses of the class above him, though not to cure his own, abjures the blind reverence and obedience of ancient times, without attaining to the higher spirit of this our day—when the law of servitude has been remodelled, elevated, and consecrated by Christianity itself, in the person of its Divine Founder. *'He that is greatest among you, let him be your servant.'*

This recognition of the sanctity of service, through the total and sublime equality on which, in one sense, are thus placed the server and the served, seems the point whereon all minor points ought to turn, and which, in the awful responsibility it imposes on both parties, ought never to be absent from the mind of either; yet it is usually one of the very last things likely to enter there.

To tell Mrs Jones—who yesterday engaged her cook Betty for fourteen pounds a year, having beaten her down from fourteen guineas by a compromise about the beer; and who, after various squabbles, finally turned out pretty Susan, the housemaid, into the ghastly Vanity-fair of London, for gossiping on area steps with divers 'followers'—or the honourable Mrs Browne Browne, who keeps Victorine sitting up till daylight just to undo her mistress's gown, and last week threatened, though she did not dare, to dismiss the fine upper-nurse, because, during the brief minute or two after dessert, when Master Baby appeared, mamma, who rarely sees him at any other time, and never meddles with his education, physical or moral, was shocked to hear from his rosy lips a 'naughty word'—to say to these 'ladies' that the 'women' they employ are of the same feminine flesh and blood, would of course meet nominal assent. But to attempt

to get them to carry that truth out practically—to own that they and their servants are of like passions and feelings, capable of equal elevation or deterioration of character, and amenable to the same moral laws—in fact, all 'sisters' together, accountable both to themselves and to the opposite sex for the influence they mutually exercise over one another, would, I fear, be held simply ridiculous. 'Sisters' indeed! Certainly not, under any circumstances—except when Death, the great Leveller, having permanently interposed, we may safely, over a few spadefuls of earth, venture to acknowledge 'our dear sister here departed.'

I have gone up and down the world a good deal, yet I have scarcely found one household, rich or poor, hard or benevolent, Christian or worldly, aristocratic or democratic, which, however good in outward practice, could be brought to own as a guiding principle, this, which is apparently the New Testament principle with regard to service and servants.

I neither seek to preach nor act equality; of all shams, there is none so vain as the assertion of that which does not, and cannot exist in this world, and which the highest religious and social legislation never supposes possible.

For instance, my cook prepares and sends up dinner. From long practice, she does it a hundred times better than I could do; nay, even takes a pleasure and pride in it, for which I am truly thankful, and sincerely indebted to her too; for a good cook is a household blessing, and no small contributor to health, temper, and enjoyment. Accordingly, I treat her with consideration, and even enter her domains with a certain respectful awe. But I do not invite her to eat her own dinner, or mingle in the society which to me is its most piquant sauce. She was not born to it, nor brought up for it. Good old soul! she would gape at the finest bon-mot, and doze over the most intellectual conversation. She is better left in peace by her kitchen-fire.

Also, though it is a real pleasure to me to watch my neat parlour-maid in and out of the drawing-room, to see by her bright intelligent face that she understands much of whatever talk is going on, and may learn something by it too sometimes; still, I should never think of asking her to take a seat among the guests. Poor little lass! she would be as unhappy and out of place here, as I should be in the noisy Christmas party below stairs, of which she is the very centre of attraction, getting more compliments and misletoe-kisses than I ever got, or wished for, in my whole lifetime. And, by the same rule, though I like to see her prettily dressed, and never scruple to tell her when she sets my teeth on edge by a blue bow on a green-cotton gown, I do not hold it necessary, when she helps me on with my silk one, to condescend with her over the said cotton, or to offer her the use of my toilet and my chaperonage at the conversazione to which I am going, where, in the scores I meet, there may be scarcely any face more pleasant, more kindly, or more necessary to me than her own.

Nevertheless, each is in her station. Providence fixed both where they are; and while they there remain, and, unless either individual is qualified to change, neither has the smallest right to overstep the barrier between them—recognised, perhaps, better tacitly than openly by either—but never by any ridiculous assumption of equality denied or set aside. Yet one meeting-point there is—far below, or above, all external barriers—the common womanhood in which all share. If anything were to happen to my little maid—if I caught her crying over 'father's' letter, or running in, laughing and rosy, after shutting the back gate on—somebody—I am afraid my heart would warm to her just as much as, though I never left my name at Buckingham Palace, it is prone to do to a certain Lady there, who takes early walks.

and goes rides with her little children—apparently a better woman, wife, and mother than nine-tenths of her subjects. Yes; it is here, I think, the only true equality lies—in this recognition of a common nature; to the divinely appointed law of which all external practice is to be referred. Would that both mistresses and servants could be brought to recognise this equality—not as a mere sentimental theory, but as a tangible fact, the foundation and starting-point of all relations between them.

It concerns maids just as much as mistresses; and to them I wish to speak, more especially as among them this Journal circulates largely—at least, I have often found it, hid in table-drawers, and 'steeeling' about dressers, or pored over of odd evenings when the kitchen was tidy and work was done. All the better: no mental improvement that is compatible with the duties of his or her calling, ought to be forbidden any human being.

I should like, first, to impress upon all women-servants how very much society depends upon them for its wellbeing, physical and moral. I am not afraid of thereby increasing their self-conceit: it is not responsibility, but the want or loss of it, which degrades character. To feel that you can be something, or might be, is often the first step towards becoming it; and I hold it safest, on the whole, to treat people as better than they are, if, perchance, conscience may shame them into being what they are believed, than to check all hope, paralyse all aspiration, and irritate them, by the slow pressure of contemptuous incredulity, into becoming actually as bad as they are supposed to be. Thus, if the young women to whom has fallen the lot of domestic service, of making homes comfortable, and especially of taking care of children, could once be made to feel their own importance as a class—their infinite means of usefulness—I think it would stimulate them into a far higher feeling of self-respect and true respectability, and make them of double value to the community at large.

What do you 'go to service' for?—wages of course: all you care for is how much money you can earn, and how easy a place you get for it. Character is likewise indispensable to you; so you seek out good families, and keep in them for a certain length of time. Meanwhile, the most energetic and sensible among you try to learn as much as lies in your way—but only as a means of bettering yourselves. 'To better yourself' is usually held a satisfactory reason for quitting the most satisfactory place and the kindest of mistresses.

On the whole, the bond between you and 'missis' is a mere bargain—a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence; you do just as much as she exacts, or as you consider your wages justify her in expecting from you—not a particle more. As to rights, privileges, and perquisites, it is not unfrequently either a daily battle or a sort of armed treaty between kitchen and parlour. The latter takes no interest in the former, except to see that you do your work and keep your place; while you on your part, except for gossip or curiosity, are comfortably indifferent to 'the family.' You leave or stay just as it suits them, or yourself, get through a prescribed round of work, are tolerably well-behaved, civil, honest—at least in great matters—and tell no lies, or only as many white ones as will answer your purposes. And so you go on, passing from 'place' to 'place,' resting nowhere, responsible nowhere; sometimes marrying, and dropping into a totally different sphere, but oftener still continuing in the same course from year to year, laying by little enough, either in wages or attachment; yet doing very well, in your own sense, till sickness or old age overtakes you, and then—where are you?

I have read somewhere that in our hospitals and lunatic asylums there is, next to governesses, no class so numerous as that of female domestic servants.

Remember, I am referring not to the lower degrees, but to the respectable among you—those who can always command decent wages and good situations, so long as they are capable of taking them. Of the meaner class, ignorant, stupid, drifted from household to household, from pure incapacity to do or to learn anything, or expelled disgracefully thence for want of (poor wretches, were they ever taught?) a sense of the common moral necessities of society, which objects to the open breach of at least the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth commandments—of these unhappy dregs of your sisterhood, I cannot now venture to speak. I speak of those, born of respectable parents, starting in service with good prospects, able, generally, to read and write, and gifted with sufficient education and intelligence to make them a blessing to themselves and all about them, if their intelligence were not so often degraded into mere 'sharpness,' for want of that quality—rare in all classes, but rarest in yours—moral conscientiousness.

Why is it that, especially in large towns, a 'clever' servant is almost sure to turn out badly? Why do mistresses complain that, while one can get a decent servant, a good-natured servant, a servant who 'does her work pretty well, with plenty of looking after,' a conscientious servant is with difficulty, if at all, to be found?

By conscientious, I mean one who does her duty—that is, the general business of her calling—not merely for wages or a character, or even for the higher motive of 'pleasing missis,' but for the highest of all motives—because it is her duty. Because, to cook a dinner, with care and without waste; to keep a house clean and orderly in every corner, seen or not seen; to be scrupulously honest and truthful, in the smallest as in the greatest things; to abstain from pert answers in the parlour, squabbles in the kitchen, and ill-natured tittle-tattle about her fellow-servants or the family—concern not merely her position as a servant, but her conduct and character as a human being, accountable to God as much as the greatest woman that ever was born.

'Oh, that's fine talking!' you may say; 'but what can I do? what can be expected of me—only a poor servant?'

Only a poor servant! Only a person whom a whole household is obliged to trust, more or less, with its comfort, order, property, respectability, peace, health—I was going to add life; who, in times of sickness or trouble, knows more of its secrets than nearest acquaintance; who is aware of all its domestic weaknesses, faults, and vexations; to whom the 'skeleton' said to be in every house must necessarily be a thing guessed at, if not only too familiar; on whom master, mistress, children, and friend must be daily dependent for numerous small comforts and attentions, scarcely known, perhaps, until they are missed. Only a poor servant! Why, no living creature has more opportunity of doing good or evil, and becoming to others either a blessing or a curse, than a 'poor servant!'

Not if she is a mere bird of passage, flitting from roof to roof, indifferent to everything save what she may pick up to feather her nest with by the way. Not if she starts with the notion that 'missis' and she are to be always at war, or on the alert against mutual encroachments, anxious only which can get the most out of the other. Not if she takes to fawning and flattering, humouring her mistress's weak points, and laughing at her behind her back, betraying the follies or misfortunes of one household into another; carrying on a regular system of double-faced hypocrisy, and fancying she is getting her revenge, and degrading her injurers, when, in fact, she more, much more, degrades herself.

These are the things which make servants despised; not because they are servants, but because the most

of them, if they assume any moral standard at all, hold one so far below that of the class above them, that this class learns to regard and treat them as an inferior order of beings.

'What can you expect from a servant?' said to me a lady with whom I often used to argue the matter—a good and noble-minded woman, too, among whose few prejudices was this, fixed and immutable, against the whole race of domestics.

What do I expect from a servant? Why, precisely what I exact from myself—the same honesty of word and act, the same chastity and decency of behaviour, self-government in temper and speech, and propriety of dress and manner according to our respective stations.

Therefore, in any disputed point, I, as being probably the more educated, older, if not wiser of the two, feel bound as much as possible to put myself in her place, to try and understand her feelings and character, before I judge her, or legislate for her. I try in all things to set her an example to follow, rather than abuse her for faults and failings, which she has sense enough to see I am just as liable to as she. I would rather help her in the right way, than drive her into it, whip in hand, and take another road myself. Reprove, I ought, and will, as often as she requires it; but reproof is one thing, scolding another: she should never see that I find fault merely from bad temper, or for the pleasure (?) of scolding. Authority I must have: it is for her good as well as mine that there should be only one mistress in the house, to whom obedience must be implicitly rendered, and whose domestic regulations will admit of no idleness, carelessness, or irregularity; but I would scorn to use my authority unjustly, or wantonly, or unkindly, simply for the sake of asserting it. If it is worth anything in itself, she will soon learn that it is not to be disputed.

And generally, rule, order, and even fair reproof, are among the last things that servants complain of. Selfishness, stinginess, want of consideration for others, are much oftener the fruitful source of all kinds of domestic rebellion, or the distrust which is worse than any open fight—the sense of gnawing injustice which destroys all respect and attachment between 'upstairs' and 'downstairs.'

And yet the servant is often very unjust too. Cook, who has only to dress the dinner, and neither to work for it nor pay for it, turns up her nose at missis's 'meanness' and displeasure at waste or extravagance—cook, who, if any crash came, has only to look out for another place; while missis has her five children, whose little mouths must be filled, and little bodies must be clothed, and 'master,' whom it breaks her heart to see coming in from the City, haggard, tired, and cross—a crossness he cannot help, poor man!—or sitting down with a pitiful patience, sick and sad, almost wishing, save for her and the children, that he could lay his head on her shoulder and die! What does cook in the kitchen, fat and comfortable, know of all these things—of the agonised struggle for position and character—nay, mere bread—which makes the days and nights of thousands of the professional classes one long battle for life?

Also, the pretty housemaid, who has her regular work and periodical holiday, with her 'young man' coming faithfully on Sundays, about whom, should he turn out false, she rarely makes a fuss, but quickly takes up with another; she being essentially practical, and mental suffering being happily out of her line. Little she guesses of all the conflicts, torments, and endurances which fall to the lot of natures whom a different cultivation, if not a finer organisation, has rendered more alive to another sort of trouble—that anguish of spirit which is worse than any bodily pain. Little she knows, when she comes in singing to dust

the parlour, of many a cruel scene transacted there; or of many an hour of mortal agony, bitter as death, yet sharpened by the full consciousness of youth and life, spent in the pretty room, outside which she grumbles so, because 'miss will keep her door locked, and it'll be dinner-time afore ever a body can get the beds made!'

Servants should make allowance for these things, and many more which they neither know nor understand. They should respect, not out of blind subservience, but mere common sense, the great difference which their narrower education and mode of thought often places between them and 'the family,' in its pleasures, tastes, and necessities, and, above all, in its sufferings. This difference must exist: in the happiest homes, cares and anxieties must be for ever arising, like sea-waves, to be breasted or avoided, or dashed against and broken, as may be; and against these the servant must bear her part as well as the mistress. But it is, and ought to be, something to know how often a word or look of respectful sympathy, a quiet little attention, an unofficial observance of one's comfort in trifles, will, in times of trouble, go direct to the mistress's heart, with a soothing influence of which the servant has not the slightest idea, and which is never afterwards forgotten. 'Better is a friend that is near than a brother afar off;' and better, many a time, is the silent kindness of some domestic, who, from long familiarity, understands one's peculiarities, than the sympathy of many an outside friend, who only rubs against one's angles, sharpened by sickness or pain, and often, unintentionally, hurts more by futile comforting than by total neglect.

A word on one branch of female service, undeniably the most important of all—the care and management of children.

I have always, from fond experience, held that child to be the happiest who never had a nursery-maid—only a mother. But this lot is too felicitous to fall to many, and perhaps, after all, would not be in reality so Utopian as in idea—particularly to the mothers. So let us grant hired nurses to be a natural necessity of civilisation.

Poor things—they certainly need consideration, for they have much to bear. Children are charming—in the abstract; but one sometimes sees the petted cherubs of the drawing-room the little fiends of the nursery, exhibiting, almost before they can speak, passions which would tempt one to believe in original sin, did not education commence with existence. And, whatever the mysterious law of sin may be that Adam made us liable for, it is possible to bring even infants under the dominion of that law of love—given by the Second Adam—to Whom little children came. And how? By *practising it ourselves*.

Ay; making allowance for the necessary shortcomings of all young things, just entered on the experience of life, from kittens to boys, the former being much the least troublesome of the two, I never once knew or heard of a case of irredeemably 'naughty' children, in regard to whom parents or nurses, or both, were not originally and principally to blame. I never saw a fretful, sullen girl, who had not been made so by selfishness and ill-humour on the part of others, or by tantalising restrictions and compelled submission, hard enough at any age, but especially in childhood; or a passionate, revengeful boy, who had not first had the Cain-like spirit put into him by some taunting voice or uplifted hand—not a baby-hand; teaching him that what others did he might do, and that the blow he smarted from was exactly the same sort of pain, and dealt in the same spirit, as that he delighted to inflict on nurse or brother, feeling out of his fierce little heart that this was the sole consolation left him for his half-understood but intolerable wrongs.

Does ever any man or woman remember the feeling of being 'whipped'—as a child—the fierce anger, the insupportable ignominy, the longing for revenge, which blotted out all thought of contrition for the fault in rebellion against the punishment? With this recollection on their own parts, I can hardly suppose any parents venturing to inflict it—certainly not allowing its infliction by another under any circumstances whatever. A nurse-maid or domestic of any sort, once discovered to have lifted up her hand against a child, ought to meet instant severe rebuke, and, on a repetition of the offence, instant dismissal.

A firm will the nurse must have—which the child will obey, knowing it must be obeyed; but it should be with her no less than with the parents, a loving will always. I will not suppose any young woman so mean and cowardly as to wreak her whims and tempers, or those of her mistress, on the helpless little sinner, who, however annoying, is after all such a very small sinner. I cannot believe she will find it so very hard to love the said sinner, who clings about her helplessly night and day, in the total dependence that of itself produces love. And surely, remembering her own childhood and its events—such nothings now, of such vast moment then, its unjust punishments, unremedied wrongs, and harshly exacted sacrifices—things which in their results may have affected her temper for years, and even yet are unforgotten—she will strive as much as possible to put herself in her nursing's place, to look at the world from his point of view, and never, as people often do, to expect from him a degree of perfection which one rarely finds even in a grown person; above all, never to expect from him anything that she does not practise herself.

It will be seen that I hold this law of kindness as the Alpha and Omega of education. I once asked one—in his own house a father in everything but the name, his authority unquestioned, his least word held in reverence, his smallest wish obeyed—'How did you ever manage to bring up these children?' He said: 'By love.'

That is the question. It is because people have so little love in them, so little purity and truth, self-control and self-denial, that they make such frightful errors in the bringing up of children. When I go from home to home of the middle classes, and see the sort of rule or misrule there, the countless evil influences, physical and spiritual, against which children have to struggle, I declare I often wonder that in the rising generation there are half-a-dozen good men and women. And when I glance down the *Times* column of 'Want Places,' and speculate how few of these 'nurses,' upper and under 'girls,' and 'nursery-maids,' have the smallest knowledge of their responsibility, or care about fulfilling it, my wonder is that the new generation should grow up to manhood and womanhood at all.

This responsibility—if the nurse ever reflects on it—how awful it is! To think that whatever the man may become, learned and great, worldly or wicked, he is at present only the child, courting her smile and coming to her for kisses, or hiding from her frown and sobbing on her neck, 'I will be good, I will be good!' That be she old or young, clever or ignorant, ugly or pretty, she has, next to the mother—sometimes before the mother, though that is a sad thing to see—this all-powerful influence over him, stronger than any he will afterwards allow or own. That it rests with herself how she uses it, whether wisely and tenderly, for the guidance and softening of his nature, or harshly and capriciously, after a fashion which may harden and brutalise him, and make him virtually disbelieve in love and goodness for the remainder of his existence.

Truly, in this hard world, which they must only too soon be thrust into, it is more essential even for boys than girls that, in the dawn of life, while women solely have the management of them, they should be accus-

tomed to this law of love—love paramount and never ceasing, clearly discernible in the midst of restraint, reproof, and even punishment—love that tries to be always as just as it is tender, and never exercises one of its rights for its own pleasure and good, but for the child's. To the nurse, unto whom it does not come by instinct, as it does to parents, the practice of it may be difficult—very difficult—but God forbid it should be impossible.

And what a reward there is in this, beyond any form of service—to a woman. Respect and gratitude of parents; consideration from all in the house; affection, fresh, full, and free, and sweet as only a child's love can be. Trying as the nurse-maid's life is, countless as are her vexations and pains, how many a childless wife or solitary old-maid has envied her, playing at romps for kisses, deafened with ever-sounding rills of delicious laughter all day, and lying down at night with a soft sleepy thing breathing at her side, or wakened of a morning with two little arms tight round her neck, smotheringly expressing a wealth of love that kingdoms could not buy.

And when she grows an old woman, if, as often happens to domestic servants, she does not marry, but remains in service all her life, it must be her own fault if nurse's position is not an exceedingly happy and honoured one. Not perhaps, in our modern times, after the fashion of her order in novels and plays—from *Juliet's* nurse downwards—but still abounding in comfort and respect. Most likely, she still lives in the family—anyhow, it will be strange if her grown-up 'children' do not now and then come and see her, to gossip over those old times which, the further we leave them behind, grow the more precious. In time these children's children—with their other parent, who knew not nurse, and whom nurse still views with rather suspicious curiosity—come and chatter to her, eager to hear all about 'pa' or 'ma'; how 'ma' looked when she was a little baby; whether 'pa' was a good boy or a naughty boy, some thirty odd years ago. And—a remarkable moral fact!—the chances are that 'pa' will gravely confess to the latter; while old nurse, seeing all things through the softening glass of time, will protest that neither he nor any of the children ever gave her the least trouble since they were born!

I have said a good deal, and yet it seems as if I had almost left the subject where I found it, it is so wide. Let me end it in words, which, coming into my mind now, transcend all mine, and yet, I trust, have been made the foundation of them, in which case I need not fear. Words, open alike to master and servant—studied by how few, yet in which lies the only law of life for all:

'Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God: And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the REWARD.'

BURLINGTON HOUSE—THE NEW HOME OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

IN 1780 the government allotted certain apartments in Somerset House for the use of the Royal Society. The architect, Sir William Chambers, had just completed his task; and the Society, entering into occupation of rooms with bare unplastered walls, fitted them up with suitable book-cases for their valuable library, and arranged the largest as a meeting-room. It was their sixth remove: twice the number which, according to the proverb, suffices for utter ruin. They, however, remained in occupation for seventy-six years, and flourished withal. Many a student, many a savant and philosopher, remembers with something like affection, that third door on the left, under the gateway leading from the Strand. It has opened to admit men

whose names stand foremost in the scientific annals of the present century. Heavy Sir Joseph Banks, carried in a chair by four strong men to preside at meetings of the Society; Davy, flushed with pride at having been elected to succeed the heavy baronet as president; Wollaston, among distinguished men perhaps the cleverest; and Herschel, Faraday, and many others living and dead. That memorable door no longer opens to science; she has migrated with her votaries a mile further away from the city.

Some persons have thought that the Society was too highly favoured by a grant of free quarters in the palatial edifice. But though the rooms were free, the windows were not, and window-tax was always exacted and paid. Moreover, the Society have always been the scientific advisers of the government: whenever an opinion has been asked, committees have been appointed, who spared no pains to make their reply worthy of the Society's reputation, and thereby of the nation's—drawing up reports or giving the very best advice gratuitously. At present, besides giving gratuitous opinions, the Society undertake the administration of £1000 voted by parliament every year for the promotion of science.

The impulse given of late towards improvements in the civil service, and an outcry for more room from the registrar-general, the Inland Revenue, and some other departments, set the authorities thinking that it would be desirable to take possession of all the rooms occupied by scientific societies in Somerset House, and convert them into offices. The Royal Society had long been straitened for room for their increasing library; hence, when my lords of the Treasury offered more spacious quarters in Burlington House, the offer was, after due consideration, accepted. Three other societies refused the offer, and are now 'sorry for it.' We have, however, heard a rumour that the house will be wanted some day for Prince Alfred: if it be true, the societies will have to undergo another removal.

We may here take the opportunity of correcting a misapprehension that prevails in some quarters—even in the House of Commons—as to the case of the scientific societies and the government. The Royal Society, from their origin in the reign of Charles II., have always been self-supporting: government has never done more for them than to find house-room, and that only since 1780. The Society have neither been fostered nor enfeebled by votes of money from the public purse for their own uses; they have always paid their way like honest savans, which is one of the reasons why the significant F.R.S. has become the first scientific distinction in the world. Of the annual grant of £1000, which was first voted seven years ago, when Lord John Russell was minister, not one penny has been applied by the Society to their own purposes. They act but as stewards of the sums, apportioning them in such ways as will best advance the ends of science—helping earnest inquirers whose circumstances are inadequate to the cost of experiments; at times, printing valuable observations, which, but for this aid, would have remained unpublished.

But to come to the subject expressed in the title of the present paper. If you have ever sauntered westward along Piccadilly, you will not have failed to notice a high sullen wall abutting on that pretentious lounge—Burlington Arcade. It is relieved by three gateways—two for show, one for use—which, up to within the past three years, were opened as seldom as a miser's strong box. But times have changed; the middle gate now stands open—that is, from ten to four on six days of the week—the three acres behind the wall, and the buildings thereupon, have become public property, and the public, taking advantage of the open gate, step in from time to time to see what has been bought with their money.

On entering, you see a spacious court-yard, not very well paved; at one end, a mansion built of stone, with two wings; at the other, a crescent-formed colonnade, cut in two by the main gateway. The principal front has a rustic basement, projecting ends, pilastered columns in the centre, all finished above by an entablature and balustrade. As for the wings, they are about as picturesque as bits of Gower Street would be planted on the same spot; and if you are perfectly sane on matters of art, you will not find cause for any very rapturous emotion, look to whatever side of the court-yard you may.

The east wing is occupied by the London University; the west wing—formerly the kitchen—has been converted into a hall of noble proportions, in which the Royal Society hold their evening meetings, and the university their examinations and annual gatherings, to confer degrees, and so forth. Government, too, have just had a fortnight's use of it, for examinations under the War Department. The main building is the new home of three scientific societies: the Royal and Linnæan on the first floor, which comprises the state apartments; the Chemical on the ground-floor. The Linnæans have also a room—for their museum—on the ground-floor; other parts of the building are tenanted by the assistant-secretaries. All the expense of removal, of furnishing and fitting up the rooms, and laying on gas, has been borne by the several societies; house-room and water only being given by the government.

The library and collections of the Linnæan Society make a better show than in their late quarters, the gloomy old house in Soho Square. The shabby-looking books which belonged to Linnæus himself, and the ungraceful cases in which he kept his herbarium, are now preserved in a handsome glass-case in the Society's principal room—what was formerly the great hall-room—along with their library and some other collections. To the Linnæans, the removal is a great benefit; for the heavy sum which they have hitherto had to pay as rent, will now become available for the printing of *Transactions*, and the promotion of their special science generally.

The same may be said of the Chemical Society; instead of paying rent, as they had to do in Cavendish Square, they will now have a fund to defray the cost of patient researches and astonishing experiments. They have fitted up their meeting-room with the seats from the Royal Society's meeting-room at Somerset House; and talking of these seats, we are reminded of a little matter of testimony in their history. On removing them from the place where they had been fixed for so many years, there was seen chalked on the floor underneath: *Billy Wilson, Richd. Sides, Silly Thor. Teal, and Robt. Thompson laid these seats in the year of our Lord 1780.* Henceforth, the three societies will meet on the same evening, Thursday, so that when business is concluded, they may all come together in the Royal Society's Lower Library for their cup of tea and friendly gossip, and so establish a series of conversations from November to June.

Besides the Lower Library above mentioned, the Royal Society have rearranged the chief portion of their library in six rooms on the first floor. You approach by a broad stair, in a well-lighted hall, of which the walls and ceiling are decorated by pictures from the pencil of Sebastian Ricci. In the paintings on the walls, the figures are life-size: a goddess, probably Venus, drawn in a car by wonderful swimming-horses, attended by gleesome maidens and flying boys on one side; on the other, Diana and her nymphs bathing. The latter, which is painted with considerable freedom, inspired a *mot* worthy of preservation. A visitor happening to remark that he thought the canvas was loose, a learned professor who stood by, esteemed alike for his ready wit and mastery of science, replied: 'I

don't know about the canvas, but we see the subject is loose.'

The four front rooms occupied by the Royal Society are all built with coved ceilings, set off by mouldings and cornices richly carved and gilt. The saloon, the first room entered from the stair, is panelled in high relief, with carved figures over the door-heads, and shews on its ceiling a large picture, painted by Sir James Thornhill. The pictures on the other three ceilings are by Ricci, though whether Sebastian or his nephew Marco had the greater share in their execution is not easy to decide. It was Sebastian Ricci who painted the *Ascension* in the cupola of Chelsea Hospital, and the pictures on the staircase of Montague House—late the British Museum; and it is said of him that he left England in a pet because Sir James Thornhill was employed to paint the dome of St Paul's.

In the rear of the main building lies a large plot of ground enclosed by the walls of the Albany, Burlington Arcade, and of the street known as Burlington Gardens. A terrace, bordered by a double row of stately elms, stretches along three sides; the fourth is shut in by the very sombre back-front of the house itself. Broad grass-plots, divided by a gravelled walk, cover the area between the terraces; and what with the ample foliage of the trees, and the spread of verdure, the place is refreshing to the eye of a Londoner. The bachelors of the Albany wanted to enjoy it; and when government bought Burlington House, one or two of them knocked down the brick screens which shut out from their windows everything except a little daylight. But their enjoyment was cut short by a peremptory order from the Board of Works for the replacing of the envious screens within twenty-four hours. On the Burlington Arcade side, not a window, not a crevice permits curious folk to peep. Only from the street at the end can any view of the grounds be obtained by outsiders. Uxbridge House—now the Western Branch of the Bank of England—is one among those privileged to look down on the philosophers and savans as they saunter up and down under the shade of the trees. It is already classic ground hereabouts, and no detriment will accrue from the new associations. There, in the rear, lived Gay under Queensberry's dual roof; Akenhead resided in Old Burlington Street; there, in Cork Street, is the house which the old Earl of Burlington built for General Wade—a house of which some one said: 'It was too small to live in, and too big to hang to a watch-chain.' And had we space, we might record other reminiscences.

But now for a few words concerning the house itself. Pepys, the ever-memorable, says in his *Diary*, under date September 1668: 'To my Lord Burlington's house; the first time I ever was there, it being the house built by Sir J. Denham next to Clarendon House.' The Sir John Denham here alluded to holds a place among English poets as the author of *Cooper's Hill* and some other poems; he was surveyor of royal palaces and buildings; and it is supposed that he built the house for the earl, and not for himself. Be this as it may, it can hardly be true that the earl said he built on this spot, as no one would ever build beyond him; for other houses, noble and plebeian, were then actually built to the west, or in course of erection. However, Richard Boyle, the next Earl of Burlington, was an architect, who had, as Walpole says, 'every quality of a genius and artist except envy,' and he befriended architects, and aided liberally in the publication of architectural designs. He built a new front to the house mentioned by Pepys, in 1717, and in the following year the colonnade, gateway, and screen-wall. Walpole goes into raptures over this colonnade. The earl had invited him to a ball, and arriving at night, he saw nothing while crossing the court-yard; but 'at daybreak,' as he writes, 'looking out of the

windows to see the sun rise, I was surprised with the vision of the colonnade that fronted me. It seemed one of those edifices in fairy tales that are raised by genii in a night-time.' Walpole could hardly have slept off the effects of the ball, or else he wished to flatter his noble friend.

Sir William Chambers, again, remarking on the way in which the aristocracy of London hid their palaces behind dead-walls, as nuns and friars did their convents, says, referring to the wall of Burlington House: 'Few in this vast city suspect, I believe, that behind an old brick wall in Piccadilly, there is one of the finest pieces of architecture in Europe.'

And we find Gay repeating similar opinions. In a passage of his *Trivia*, he writes:

Burlington's fair palace still remains,
Beauty within—without proportion reigns;
Beneath his eye declining art revives,
The wall with animated pictures lives.
There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein:
There oft I enter—but with cleaner shoes,
For Burlington's beloved by every Muse.

An unsophisticated spectator would come to a different conclusion, and lament that second-rate effects should have been produced on a site possessed of first-rate capabilities.

Gay's allusion to Handel arises from the fact of the great musician having lived three years in the house: it was, moreover, the residence of the Duke of Portland while he was minister; and the place is connected with political history by yet another incident—Sir Samuel Romilly once addressed the electors of Westminster in the court-yard.

One of Hogarth's prints, the *Man of Taste*, contains a view of Burlington House, concerning which Mr Peter Cunningham remarks, that 'it represents Kent (the architect) on the summit in his threefold capacity of painter, sculptor, and architect, flourishing his pallet and pencils over the heads of his astonished supporters, Michael Angelo and Raphael. On a scaffold, a little lower down, Pope stands, whitewashing the front; and while he makes the pilasters of the gateway clean, his wet brush bespatters the Duke of Chandos, who is passing by; Lord Burlington serves the poet in the capacity of a labourer; and the date of the print is 1731.'

That same 'old brick wall' has borne many a shot of late from paper artillery and from parliamentary artillery too. Sundry energetic individuals have demanded its demolition in the *Times*, to say nothing of other papers; and not longer ago than the 19th of June last, certain members of the House of Commons talked 'Bunkum' with like purport. 'The wall ought to come down, and forthwith! If it did come down, we venture to say that nobody would be gratified, not even the members aforesaid; for the scene to be revealed would be an uninteresting view of the back of the colonnade, of an old coach-house and stables, of the hinder appurtenances of the porter's lodge, and of some other places resorted to by students when up for their examination.'

The earl died, and the title with him, in 1735, and Burlington House became the property of the Duke of Devonshire. There was talk of pulling it down about fifty years ago; but Lord George Cavendish bought it, and made considerable alterations, employing Samuel Ware as architect. He 'took down,' says Britton, 'and rebuilt the whole house, except the front elevation and some rooms connected with it.' He restored the terraces and steps in the grounds behind, and converted the east wing, which had been a riding-house and stables, into a dwelling for a portion of the household. In 1819, he built Burlington Arcade, and got a rental of £4000 a year for that double row of

badly ventilated shops. This amount, as we have heard, is increased by sub-letting to L.8000. Among the tenants there is one who pays L.175 a year, and another L.195 each for his one little shop.

One thing Lord George did not do—build wholesome habitations for his servants; for anything more dismal than the underground apartments cannot well be imagined. That any domestics should ever have consented to pass their days therein, is a marvel; but now there is a change. The Board of Works, by a small outlay, have turned the dungeons into habitable rooms.

The Cavendish family retained possession till about three years ago, when they sold the Burlington House estate to government for L.140,000. The house stood empty for a few months; then an exhibition of drawings and paintings, and another of designs for cavalry-barracks were held in it; then, to make room for the registrar-general, the university was transferred from Somerset House to Burlington House. In 1856, the Royal Society, as already stated, accepted the offer of a home further west; preparations for their reception were commenced; the university was shifted once more into the east wing; and in May of this year the Royals held their first meeting in the new hall; and there we leave them in occupation of their new home, with our best wishes for harmonious action with their fellow-lodgers, and that they may continue to advance science, and advocate her claims as worthily and as independently as heretofore.

It was during the long vacation of 1856, while repairs were going on, and before the societies entered into occupation, that an incident occurred, with which it seems to us good to close our article on Burlington House. The reader must be good enough to imagine a certain porter who was on duty at the time, giving an account of it to a certain professor.

'Sir,' says the porter, 'there came in a briak-looking oldish gentleman, with a sprig in his mouth; and seeing him look about, I made bold to go up to him and ask his name.'

"My name is Lord Palmerston. Who are you?"

"The porter of the —, my lord;" and I made his lordship a bow.

"The very man I want to see. Come and shew me over the house."

"So," continues the porter to the professor, "I went, sir, as his lordship asked, and shewed him the house, and told him which rooms was for the Royal Society, which for the Linnæan Society, and which for the Chemical Society. And his lordship asked a good many questions, and seemed to want to know all about the societies, and I answered him as well as I was able. And so, after we had been all over the house, his lordship wanted to go out into the grounds behind, and I unlocked the door, and his lordship walked about and asked more questions; and then he talked about the societies again, and he said: "What is the Linnæan Society? What do they do?"

"And his lordship didn't know, sir, nor I didn't know!"

VERY LIKE A WHALE.

ONE of the greatest luxuries we possess in these luxurious days, is the power of enjoying the startling novelty, exciting adventure, and magnificent scenery of foreign climes, without stirring from the comfortable arm-chair in our library, or, at all events, without greater exertion than is necessary to obtain possession of the well-padded stall of some exhibition-room in Piccadilly or Leicester Square. In this way, with the assistance of Mr Burford, we witnessed the capture of the Malakoff, and were present at the Moscow coronation. In this way, we have ascended Mont Blanc with the facetious Albert Smith, and slain lions and hippopotami in company with the adventurous Gordon Cumming. With Dr Livingstone, we

have explored the interior of Africa; and, disguised as true and mahogany-coloured followers of the Prophet, we have penetrated with Captain Burton to Mecca and Medina. Through the instrumentality of the Abbé Hue, we have made the acquaintance of those ridiculous Chinese; we have got very near the North Pole with Dr Armstrong; we have journeyed round the world with Madame Pfeiffer—in fact, there is not a spot on the face of the globe that has been described by book, lecture, or panorama, that we have not visited, and do not know almost as much about as the authors, lecturers, and artists themselves.

In the course of these sedentary wanderings, there are certain favourite scenes and incidents that we have seen with our mind's eye on so many occasions, that they have become as familiar to us as if we had actually witnessed them. They appear to be standard subjects that age cannot wither, and whose infinite variety custom cannot stale. For instance, how often, as we have been sitting before our fire with our legs up on a chair, have we felt awestruck and insignificant as we gazed upon the glories of Niagara. How many times on a cold December night, with the curtains comfortably drawn, and the kettle singing cheerily on the hob, have we, panting with heat and blinded by the glare of the desert sun, been assisted by semi-nude Arabs up the steps of the Great Pyramid, and drank imaginary bottled beer when we got to the top; and, to come to the subject more particularly in hand, how often, as we indolently lounged in our dressing-gown and slippers, on our favourite sofa, have we thoroughly enjoyed all the dangers and excitements of whale-fishing.

It is related of Colonel W—s, the historian of British India, that when he was told that the author of *Lalla Rookh* had never been in the East, he said: 'Well, that shews me that reading D'Herbelot is as good as riding on a camel.' On the same principle, there are few readers who, by studying Herman Melville's volumes, and other works of the same oleaginous nature, are not as well acquainted with the *modus operandi* of capturing a whale, from the cry of 'There she spouts!' of the man in the cross-trees, to the stripping off the blubber at the ship's side, and boiling it down in the ship's coppers, as if they had spent the greater part of their lives cruising about the Arctic Ocean with harpoons in their hands. Supposing the reader, therefore, to be theoretically a first-rate whale-fisher, I shall not waste time and paper by dilating on the perils of icebergs, of boats set fire to by the friction of the rope, or stove in by the monster's tail, or any other of the moving accidents and hair-breadth 'scapes incidental to this most exciting of pursuits, but shall come at once to what I consider its antithesis—namely, duck-hunting.

No reader of this Journal, it is to be hoped, has ever been present at a duck-hunt. It is a barbarous exhibition, although not a bit more cruel than fox-hunting, or any other sport in which a poor defenceless animal struggles gallantly for its life, till from sheer exhaustion it falls an easy victim to its relentless persecutors. The only difference between them is, that the fox has the honour of being chased to death by well-bred hounds with sleek dappled coats, and well-mounted gentlemen in red ones, while the instruments of the duck's destruction are generally ragged boys and a scrubby terrier. The first, therefore, is a manly and noble sport, belauded by poets and followed by all the high and mighty in the land; and the latter is, equally as a matter of course, a low and degrading pursuit, for which the young rascals engaged in it ought to be well whipped, and their cur hung.

The essentials for duck-hunting are—a good-sized pond, a tough old mallard, an amphibious terrier, and boys *ad libitum*. If the duck is sharp enough to dive when the dog makes a snap at him, he escapes;

if not, he is caught. Generally, though for a few minutes he may avoid the terrier, his sojourns under water get short by degrees and ominously less, till at last he falls a victim to what may be literally called the dogged determination of his canine pursuer. There is but one chance in his favour, namely, the apparition of that modern *rara avis* in *terris*, a policeman, or of some individual with humane feelings and a thick stick. Occasionally, also, a duck owes his life to his own powers of endurance, shewing such good sport, that, like the hunted stag, he is saved for another time.

As a sport, duck-hunting in many points bears a strong resemblance to coursing. In each, the dogs hunt by sight, the human—or, as some would say, the inhuman—owners being only spectators, assisting their animals in the one case by finding the game; in the other, by preventing its escape by flight from the pond. The conduct of the hare and the duck under pursuit are also very similar. The hare lies like a stone till she is almost kicked up; and the duck does not dive till the nose of the terrier almost touches his tail. The instinct of self-preservation teaches both to place themselves under circumstances most favourable to their peculiar conformation: the hare takes to the hills, where her long hind-legs give her a better chance of escape; and the duck dives under water, where, for a certain time, he is perfectly in his element, and safe from pursuit. The astonishment of the great bounding greyhound when he finds himself unable to pull up, and going several yards beyond the point where the hare has doubled, is only equalled by the puzzled look of the terrier when the duck disappears from out of his very jaws, and he gazes helplessly round in doubt as to where his prey will make its reappearance. To finish the parallel—both hare and duck eventually arrive at the same destination, each being only rescued from the jaws of the dog, that he may, at a later period, find employment for the jaws of his master.

The analogy between duck-hunting and whale-fishing is, however, even more striking. The same mode of escape—the same necessity for occasional respiration on the part of the victim—the same exciting uncertainty as to where the next appearance will be, form the characteristics of each pursuit. In fact, as popping at sparrows and slaughtering elephants may be considered as the two extremes of terra-firma shooting, so hunting a duck and chasing a whale may be termed the alpha and omega of aquatic sport. There is an amusement, however, common on the Lake of Geneva, called *la chasse du grêbe*, that partakes of the qualities of each, and forms a connecting-link between them: it is the comparative, of which they are the positive and superlative. I shall therefore conclude this paper with a short account of grebe-shooting, which was indeed the principal object with which I commenced it: its having degenerated into a dissertation on duck-hunting was purely accidental; and accidents, as every one knows, will happen in the best regulated articles.

The grebe is a handsome swimming bird with a fine crest, that gives him the appearance of having had his own head cut off, and one belonging to a much larger individual substituted. He seldom flies, and his pedestrian powers are so inconsiderable as to be hardly worth mentioning, negative qualities in which he resembles the duck, and which render him peculiarly applicable for the sport I am about to describe. He is not prized for his flesh, which is coarse and fishy, but, like the whale, he contributes in another way to the wants of man, or rather woman, as his skin, which fetches from six to ten francs, is made into muffs, tip-pets, and other articles of feminine attire. No particular day is mentioned in the Swiss almanacs as that on which 'grebe-shooting commences;' but autumn is

the season when the largest bags are made. Four is the golden number for the shooting-party, from which no deviation must be allowed; and to give some sort of *véraisemblance* to our description, let us suppose the expedition planned, and the party to consist of those well-known continental travellers, Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson. They have been stopping at Lausanne, and, with the love of sport inherent in Englishmen, determine to have a day's grebe-shooting. In pursuance of this laudable resolution, they hire a boat for the day; and in illustration of another pleasing trait in the English character, lay in a stock of provisions sufficient to last them a week.

Everything being ready, they shove off with a full determination of bringing back a large bag of grebes. They could not have a better day. The lake is without a ripple; the sky as blue as London milk; and the air as clear as Thames water, after it has been filtered. The southerly wind and cloudy sky so prized by fox-hunters, would prove totally destructive to the hopes of the grebe-shooter. A frost could not be more annoying to the former, than any mist or thickness of the atmosphere to the latter. By the direction of the rowers, who are accustomed to the sport, our heroes—each, as a matter of course, with a cigar in his mouth—distribute themselves *en règle* thus: Robinson, being rather stout, establishes himself in the stern; Jones occupies the bow; and Smith and Brown take their stations on the quarters; so that on whichever side the unfortunate bird may appear, he will be sure to hear a shower of No. 1 shot pattering round him. The necessity of first catching your hare is enforced by the sagacious Mrs Glasse, as an essential preliminary to cooking him; and in the same way, 'first find your grebe' is a rule that must invariably be observed previous to shooting him. For this purpose, the surface of the lake is eagerly scanned in all directions, through pocket-telescopes and double-barrelled opera-glasses. Brown is the first to catch sight of game; and Robinson, after staring intently for some minutes through his ivory *lorgnette*, confirms the discovery. The boatmen are directed to row in the direction of the supposed grebe.

'What a magnificent fellow!' exclaims Robinson, whose face glows like a peony with heat and excitement. 'He's as black as a coal.'

'But he dothn't seem to move,' says Smith, who lies and drops his r's. 'I thought gebes dived.'

'He'll dive fast enough presently,' replies Robinson, who is standing up in the stern with his gun ready, although the quarry is a mile off.

'I say, mind how you shoot,' says Jones, in the bow, as he looks nervously round at his friends' guns, which are pointing so, that were they to go off, Robinson's would deposit a charge in the small of his back, and Smith's and Brown's shave off his whiskers.

'Keep your muzzles up, can't you?'

'Do you know,' said Smith, looking intently through his glass—'I don't think ith a gebe, after all. It hathn't got any head.'

'It's asleep, perhaps,' replied Robinson, getting ready for a sitting shot.

'Why, it's an old hat!' cried Jones in disgust, when they had got near enough to a black object floating motionless in the water, to distinguish its real nature.

Brown, the original discoverer of the hat, is of course well abused for having led them such a wild-geese chase; and the quartette, to make up for their disappointment, have recourse to that potent consolation to the youthful Briton, pale ale. Presently a real Simon Pure is sighted, with his brown coat and white under-garments shining in the sun like satin, and a bright chestnut-coloured crest hanging down his neck like the back-hair of a lady with auburn locks when it is undergoing the operation of being brushed. This time the sportsmen place themselves under the

direction of the head-boatman, whose advice, in the excitement of the hat-chase, they had previously scorned. Silence is enjoined, and an agreement entered into between the shooters that, for fear of accidents, only one shot shall be fired at a time, and that one is to be by the individual nearest the bird. This rule is, of course, broken on the very first opportunity, when all four blaze away at the game, in utter recklessness of consequences. This does not happen, however, for some time. At first, on being approached, the grebe is wild, and dives a long way out of distance. The boatmen, judging from the direction he takes, row to the spot where they expect he will reappear. He is too cunning for them, however, and comes to the surface some hundred yards from where they had calculated to see him. Away they go in pursuit; but long before the eager gunners can get within shot, down goes his head, up goes his tail, and away he paddles on his subaqueous expedition, to come up again to breathe in a more unexpected quarter than ever. Perseverance is at length rewarded, and the rowers make a lucky cast. The grebe ascends within twenty yards of the boat, but finding his mistake, hey, presto! he is down again like lightning; and the only result, caused by the contents of four barrels fired recklessly in his direction, is a very near approach to the capsizing of the boat, and a few bubbles floating on the surface of the water. Unfortunately for the poor bird, his respiratory organs are so constituted that an occasional mouthful of fresh air is one of the necessities of his existence, and his late summary proceeding obliges him to expose himself again before he can get out of range. A severe peppering is the consequence; but he is still so active, that a white tail in the act of disappearing is the only mark he presents to the random shots of the excited sportsmen. The contest, however, is too unequal to last. Tired and wounded, the grebe's attempts to escape become more and more feeble, till, after repeated volleys, a lucky shot administers the *coup de grâce*, and the party in the boat sit down to luncheon.

Having seen them bag one bird, it is not necessary to follow them any further on their aquatic expedition. Their subsequent achievements may be briefly expressed by the musical term *da capo*, a phrase which I have been given to understand is synonymous with the English one of 'ditto repeated.'

My object is gained if I have made good my title, and proved to everybody's satisfaction, that the Lake of Geneva and the Arctic Ocean are in some respects similar; and that the grebe—to say nothing of the duck—is, as far as the manner of his capture is concerned, extremely like a whale.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES IN ITALY.

SOME impressions of a winter I spent on the shores of the Adriatic have been already offered to the readers of this *Journal*. Nor would any further delineations of an Italian interior have suggested themselves to my mind, had not the great events of the present moment given a fresh interest to the countries most likely eventually to be affected by them, and awakened a desire to learn, more thoroughly, what is their actual condition, and determine how far Central and Southern Italy, retaining their former mode of government and institutions, can challenge a comparison with that northern state of the peninsula where progress and reform are the order of the day.

It is the prevailing impression on the continent that no part of Europe will be sooner subjected to some violent convulsion and up-rooting of all existing things than the kingdom of Naples and the papal dominions. To the reader of Italian journals, the attentive listener in Italian political circles, the evidence is unmistakable that the tide of popular feeling is setting in anew in

favour of a constitutional government; and the hope of rationally and peacefully realising the dream of 1848, of a united Italy, with Piedmont as its head, is daily gaining ground. Even among conscientious Catholics, the project of a speedy separation of the temporal from the spiritual authority of the pope, is openly discussed, and by many considered as their only safeguard from the torrent of anarchy and revolt to which the oppressions and corruptions of its rulers are hastening the country.

But of these questions, in their wide political bearings, abler pens are treating; my task is simply to complete the picture of the customs, the amusements, the domestic life, the religious ceremonies, the environs of one city in the Roman States, which I have enjoyed better opportunities of studying than are generally accorded to an English traveller; and from which, depicted with the most conscientious veracity, the unprejudiced reader can form his own deductions.

Though the austerities of Lent have ceased to be observed, even in the faithful diocese of Ancona, to any very mortifying extent, the ancient rites of the church are still kept up, and towards the close of the Holy Week, the whole population becomes compulsorily devout. The parochial clergy go round to every house in their jurisdiction, taking down the names and ages of the inhabitants, and delivering to all a ticket filled up with their name, requiring them to repair, within a given period, to the parish church, for confession and communion. Any freewill-offering, any spontaneous act of grace in these religious duties, is thus lost; and with the young men especially, *prender Pasqua*, as it is termed, becomes a most irksome task, which they endeavour to shuffle over, or resort to every expedient and deception to evade altogether. The government, however, is very strict in enforcing this ordinance, with the political view of maintaining its fast-waning influence through the confessional, going even the length of refusing pontifical subjects their passports, if they require to travel, when it can be proved that they have neglected their Easter duties; but this is an odious abuse of authority, tending to bring religion into contempt.

I remember hearing of the astonishment and indignation of some members of the V—— family—Poles by birth, but French by education—with whom we were intimate, the first year they passed in Ancona, when the priest, having taken the statistics of the household, and ascertained that they professed the Roman Catholic faith, handed to each of them in succession a printed ticket, requiring them to conform to this law. In France, they declared, they had never heard of such a measure; and they could not, even before us, forbear from expressing their disgust. It required all their mother's persuasions, and the example of her unquestioning submission to whatever emanated from priestly authority, to stifle the murmurs of the young ladies, and enforce their obedience.

On Holy Thursday, after mid-day, an unwonted silence seemed to fall upon the town, unbroken till the same hour on Saturday. No bells were tolled, no matins or vespers rung, no mass celebrated in the churches; while the streets were filled with people hastening to the *sepolcri*, or sepulchres, of which seven must be visited by the faithful. Each church has its *sepolcro*, varying in the details, but agreeing as to the general characteristics of the representation. The high-altar is divested of its usual ornaments, in token of mourning; and on the platform immediately before it, surrounded by all the emblems of the passion, is a figure in wax of life-size of the Saviour, as if just removed from the cross. All around, and on the steps leading up, are a profusion of natural flowers and tapers; and sentinels with arms reversed are stationed at intervals to keep back the crowd.

In some churches more figures are introduced—such

as Joseph of Arimathen, the beloved apostle, the three Maries; others have a greater display of flowers and wax-lights, but the pervading effect in all is invariably the same. The complete stillness; the ceaseless, noiseless swaying of the crowd, as those who occupy the foremost places, after a few minutes' admiring inspection, and a few muttered prayers, quietly give room in their turn to fresh comers; the indiscriminate blending of rich and poor, as the lady in her silken robes kneels on the pavement beside the tattered beggar; the motionless forms of the Austrian soldiers in all the glittering panoply of war, surrounding the marred and blood-stained effigy of the Prince of Peace; the saturnine matter-of-fact faces of the attendant priests and sacristans, who hover about, relighting any taper that is accidentally extinguished, or adjusting any of the arrangements that may be displaced; the air heavy with the scent of flowers mingling with the exhalations of the vaults beneath, where moulder the remains of those who in their day have gazed upon this spectacle, for centuries repeated, for centuries unchanged: all this has struck each stranger in his turn, and is but a feeble transcript of the varied impressions it produces.

On Good Friday, there is always a procession through the principal streets of the town, which, without any of the devotional accessories of the *sepolcristi*—the time-worn churches, the subdued light, the hushed voices—cannot fail painfully to impress the English spectator who has not been inured to sights of this description.

By the people it was eagerly looked forward to as a pleasant variety in the monotony of their lives, an opportunity of sauntering about, of looking out of the windows, of nodding to their acquaintances, and furthering some flirtation or intrigue. Any idea of investing the pageant with a religious significance seemed foreign to the minds of the great majority of the assembled throng.

When the muffled drums were heard announcing that the procession was approaching, and a detachment of troops began to line the street under our windows, I remarked a thrill of excitement, but certainly not of awe, as every head was impatiently turned in the direction from whence the torches and banners of the confraternity of the *Passionisti* first came in view. Men of all classes belonged to this *compagnia*, all similarly dressed in loose robes and cowls of gray linen, which concealed the features, a crown of thorns round the head, and a girdle of knotted cords; the difference of rank being discernible only by the whiter feet of some amongst them, and the evident pain with which they trod the sharp uneven pavement. I must, however, pause to observe here, that a bent head and hoary hair would be the general accompaniments to these marks of gentle birth, were the drapery in which they are enshrouded to be suddenly thrown aside.

Next came friars and priests, all walking according to established rule and precedence—Capuchins, Franciscans, Carmelites, Dominicans, Augustinians, carrying lighted tapers and chanting litanies. Following these were more Capuchins, to whom was especially delegated the office of carrying all the objects belonging to the crucifixion; and thus they passed on, white-bearded tottering old men, bearing successively an emblem of this day's great sacrifice, profaned by being paraded, like some mummery of old, before the idle crowd, who gazed, and sneered, and talked, indifferent to the awful event thus commemorated. The crown of thorns, the purple robe, the scourge, the nails, the dice with which the soldiers had cast lots, the spear, were all carried slowly along; the sacred form itself, in the utter prostration of death, stretched upon a bier, coming next in view. A few knelt here, not one in twenty though; the rest all listless, unthinking, or unbelieving.

Some paces behind, upon a sort of platform, appeared a huge image of the Madonna, considerably above the size of life, dressed in violet robes, with long brown ringlets, and pierced through with seven daggers—all the spiritualised beauty with which the 'blessed among women' should be invested, lost in the vulgarity of this most material representation. This, with the dignitaries and magistrates of the town walking two and two, closed the procession; after which marched more soldiers, those who had been stationed along the streets falling into the ranks, and the band performing a funeral-march—the same the Austrians always play after the interment of any of their comrades.

I have not exaggerated this description. To some enthusiastic poetic minds, to whom such things seem beautiful in the abstract, I know my account will prove distasteful. But thus it always is: a close insight into the countries where these time-honoured traditional ceremonies are still maintained, strips them of the mysterious charm with which, to a foreigner, they might seem to be invested, and accounts for the levity with which they are witnessed by those familiarised to them since their earliest childhood.

As another instance: there was the custom of blessing the houses on Easter Saturday, which I had heard of long before visiting Italy, and imagined must prove equally edifying and impressive. But when I saw a very dirty priest in his *alb*—I think that is the name—a sort of linen ephod worn over the black gown, attended by a still more dirty little boy carrying holy-water, walk hastily through the house, muttering a few unintelligible words on the threshold of each room, only pausing a little longer in the kitchen to crack a few jokes with the servants, without the least semblance of devotion on his side or of reverence on theirs—and gratefully accepting a few *pauls* sent out to him by the family—why, I fell from the clouds, and my cherished illusions were dispelled. It seemed almost as hollow as blessing the horses on the 17th of January, the festival of St Anthony, the patron of animals, which had previously greatly astonished me.

All the post and *vetturino* horses, all those belonging to private families, were taken on that day, gaily decked out with ribbons, to a square in front of one of the principal churches, where priests, standing on the steps of the portico, sprinkled them with holy-water, and pronounced a formula of benediction. A small gratuity was given for each horse, and in return the donors were presented with a little wax-taper and a small loaf of bread, by which the grooms, rather than the poor quadrupeds, were the gainers. There was a favourite cat in my uncle's establishment—a cat of great size and beauty, and of doglike sagacity—which the servants were in vain desirous he would send to be blessed, though prompted by no other motive than the pleasure of dressing it up, and of joining in the crowd of idlers before the church.

Generally, however, it would appear as if some vague idea of averting ill-luck, of deprecating some sinister influence, must linger in the hearts of the coachmen and postilions who still adhere to this custom; which is practised by the priests—so Young Italy will tell you—solely to maintain their hold upon the superstitious fears of the lowest ranks of the populace.

But stay—I am wandering from my more immediate subject, although all the church-bells let loose, and ringing their merry peals, proclaim it is noon on Holy Saturday, and that Lent is over! There is something very heart-stirring in this rejoicing: I wish we had the same custom in England to usher in the triumphant glories of the Easter morn. Why it should be anticipated here by twelve hours, and the bells give forth their jubilee, and salvos of artillery be fired, at mid-day, instead of mid-night, I do not exactly know: I think I have somewhere read an

this above and below, and the lower portion of the frame should be so flat and broad that the book can lie on it. The cords being passed into their respective nicks, the binder must open the leaves regularly to find the middles of the little quires, and then pass, with the needle, the packthread along the inside, but twisting it round each cord in succession as he goes; making it fast at the end with a knot or hitch. When this is done, he must cut away the cords, except an inch and a half or so on each side, which should be left to form the attachment to the cover. He must now replace the book in the press, and give its back a good coat of glue, melted as described above. Leave it in the press till the glue is dry.

In the meantime, the binder can see and measure the breadth of back for which he will have to provide the cover, according to the following directions:

Cut two pieces of thin pasteboard a little larger than your book. Cut out also a piece of calico or linen, so much larger than both these every way, as to allow for the back and the 'turning in.' Paste, down the middle of this, three or four slips of the same calico, to strengthen the back; carefully measure its breadth and length, and lay on your covers, leaving the space of the back between them; turn in your calico round the edges of the covers, avoiding creasing, and the cover is made, and must be allowed to dry. Then take your book, unravel and soften the ends of cord, and wet them with strong glue. Lay the book carefully on its back into the cover, and glue down the cords to the sides. Support the book in this position by some simple contrivance, and glue down a slip of linen or calico to hold the cords steady. Afterwards paste, over all this, a sheet of white or fancy paper to line each cover, and the work is done when dry. We say nothing about cutting the edges artistically, as it requires a particular arrangement not contemplated here; but if you are ingenious enough to cut them clean and straight with a sharp knife, so much the better.

However simple or rough such binding may be, it is far better to bind thus than to let books go to ruin. As regards the edges, it may be added, that, previous to putting the book into its cover, it may be put in the press, bringing up each edge of the three exposed ones successively, and, while held thus tightly, should be cut with a sharp knife or shoemaker's cutting-tool. Any little inequalities may be smoothened down with fine glass-paper. The edges, when cut, may be dabbled with any colour desired, by using a big hair-brush and water-colours.

In speaking of the linen or calico for the covers, we, of course, intended something of the sort used by bookbinders, as it may be had of almost any colour.

We should strongly advise the amateur to make his own pasteboard. It may be done with old newspapers, at 3d. per pound, if none others can be had. If only done flat, and without creases or wrinkles, it is far stronger and better than that which is sold in the shops, and costs only a fraction of the price. The secret of making it good and even is, to wet the paper, independently of the paste to be employed, laying the sheets quite flat on each other, and, when nearly dry, placing them on a table or other flat surface, on which they should be secured with books or such things laid upon them, so as to force them to dry out flat. The last thing of all to be done is, to put the book as tightly as possible into the press, and leave it there for some hours.

We hope none of our readers whom it may concern will be discouraged from attempting bookbinding by the apparent complexity of the operations necessary for it. It is an amusing work enough; and the comfort of having books bound, and standing orderly on their shelves, will amply repay the trifling cost and trouble. Perhaps what we have written may be the means of

suggesting to more than one reader who can afford the proper apparatus, an amusing and useful mode of filling up a few leisure hours now and then. It should not be forgotten, that the art admits of the exercise of high artistic powers, and that it is allied to the fabrication of such little elegances as card-cases, work-boxes, *popétries*, &c., on which taste and a decorative talent may be displayed to any extent. Supposing home-made pasteboard to be used, it is a good plan to press the covers, before using, as strongly as possible between the planks, as described above, leaving them for a night, or longer, if possible, under the pressure.

A BUTTERFLY.

Thou incarnation of the light,
Coquetting with the flutt'ring sight,
Looking as if thou'dst a'en a flight,
Like winged flower,
Down from the sun's effulgent bright
And burning bower—

The flashes of thy filmy wing,
Like gaudy pennon's fluttering,
That o'er the seas of sunlight spring,
A bark of light,
And with the wavy breezes bring
Us beauty bright.

Thou star of day, I see thee shine,
Against the azure depths divine;
And where the twinkling tints combine
A flow'ry cell,
Thou feed'st on beauty rich as thine,
And loved as well.

The earth secreteth rubies red,
The sounding sea, its coral bed,
The lucid air creates instead
A living gem,
To wreath in circles round my head
Light's diadem.

W. S.

COPPER IN THE SEA.

Experiments are now in progress to shew that the sea is constantly charged with a solution of copper. Mr Septimus Piesse caused a bag of iron nails to be hung from the sides of steamers passing between Marseille and Nice, and obtained a precipitation of copper upon the iron. He finds the same metal in the substance of animals inhabiting the sea, and recommends the popular experiment of putting an oyster—a *bad one*, if possible—on the blade of a knife, and leaving it there for twenty-four hours, when, on the removal of the oyster, the copper will be found on the knife. In Mr Piesse's opinion, the beautiful blue colour of some portions of the Mediterranean is due to an ammoniacal salt of copper, while the greenness of other seas is owing to the chloride of copper.

CURIOUS PARALLELISM OF CUSTOMS.

It is a custom in Berwickshire among women-workers in the field, when their backs become much tired by bowing low down while singling turnips with short-shanked hoes, to lie down upon their faces to the ground, allowing others to step across the lower part of their backs, on the lumbar region, with one foot, several times, until the pain of fatigue is removed. Burton, in his *First Footsteps in East Africa*, narrates a very similar custom in females who lead the camels, on feeling fatigued, and who 'lie at full length, prone, stand upon each other's backs, trampling and kneading with their toes, and rise like giants refreshed.'—*Notes and Queries*, June 20, 1857.

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